

WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

VOL. XIII—NO. 45.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1801.

WHOLE NO. 669.

ST. LEGER.

A TALE.

[CONTINUED.]

WHILST the Baroness was trying to dissuade her husband from sacrificing the peace and happiness of her child, she was employed in disclosing the anguish which tortured her too susceptible mind.

Personally to encounter her father's displeasure was a severer trial than she was able to endure; but the repugnance which she felt to the Duke of Modena's alliance gave strength to her determination; and she resolved to write, after several attempts to express her sensations, and describe the anguish which she endured, the following lines, which were delivered to the Baron by Matilda's faithful and confidential maid.

TO THE BARON DE COLOGNE.

WITH a heart tortured by the most agonizing emotions, I venture to address my beloved sire, on my knees implore him to pardon a disobedience which results from my repugnance to becoming a wife.

"Oh! my Lord, could you know with what contrition I fearfully oppose a parental decree, you would pity that distress which impels opposition to the will and authority of the author of my life! Had my heart been void of every attachment, an alliance so disproportioned must have filled me with anguish; but when I can no longer boast of its freedom, can I barter my person for dignity and wealth?"

"Oh! my father, pardon this confession, and do not execrate your unfortunate child! Is there a crime in loving worth and merit?—or can we control the feelings of the mind?—I ask not your consent to the accomplishment of my wishes; I only implore you to relinquish a design which would doom me to a greater excess of misery than any portion of fortune would be able to sustain.

"Oh! my Lord, in compassion to my sufferings, banish the Duke of Modena from my sight, for his very appearance agitates my feelings, and I have I tried to check those sensations, and view him in the light you so ardently desire: my heart is become untractable and rebellious, and absolutely refuses to submit to constraint.

"With fear and trembling I shall await the answer which is finally to determine my future fate; and again implore your pity and forgiveness for the only disobedient action of my life!"

As soon as Matilda had concluded this epistle, she found her bosom rather more resigned; but short was the tranquillity which she was destined to enjoy, and severe and lasting the excess of pain. The moment the Baron had perused the letter, the most violent indignation took possession of his mind; and, in the dreadful paroxysm of rage, he repeatedly cursed his unhappy child!

That an authority which had hitherto been exerted without control should be disputed in a point so essential to his peace, was such a degradation to parental pride as the haughty Baron received not to endure; and he desired the Baroness to inform Matilda, that on the following morn-

ing she must become a bride.—"Tell her," continued he, with an imperious air, "that she has neither to deal with a dotard nor a child; but with a man who will save his family from disgrace, and force obedience when persuasion loses power!"

The Baroness was unable to deliver such a message, though tears proved the torture and anguish of her mind; and Matilda conjured her not to conceal her destiny, nor attempt to disguise the rigor of her fate.

"No—my beloved mother!" exclaimed the unhappy girl, as soon as she was made acquainted with the Baron's decree, "force shall not drive me to the wretch's arms, nor make me bear the hateful name of wife?—Oh!" continued she, in an agony of sorrow, "save me from such an insupportable load of distress! Calmly would I submit to any other affliction,—but this overpowers and distracts my mind!"

Whilst the Baroness was endeavoring to console her daughter, and calm the perturbation and inquietude of her mind, the servant who had delivered Matilda's letter to her father was describing to St. Leger the effect it had produced; and conjuring him to save her mistress from a misfortune which would overcloud with wretchedness her future days.

To resign Matilda to the arms of a rival was a circumstance at once afflicting and severe; but to know that she was doomed to misery and wretchedness, was too agonizing a reflection for his nature to sustain; and he resolved to brave every species of danger, rather than suffer her to be sacrificed to her father's pride.

Every species of artifice St. Leger despised; therefore, he instantly flew to the Baron's house, and, after describing the force and delicacy of his attachment, conjured him to bless him with Matilda's hand.

The Baron's indignation at St. Leger's temerity was too violent to be confined within the common bounds of constraint; but bursting forth in the most opprobrious language, he indignantly commanded him to leave the house.

Matilda's confidant waited his return, and saw grief and disappointment depicted on his face—"We must save her," he exclaimed, "from those bonds of wretchedness with which her inexorable father would enslave her mind."

After a few moments devoted to reflection, he proposed being at the Castle at twelve o'clock that night; and when a signal was given at Matilda's window, herself and servants were quietly to descend; and a priest was to be prepared by the expecting lover for the purpose of indissolubly joining their hands.

This arrangement, though easy in theory, St. Leger was well aware would be difficult to fulfil; neither was he certain that Matilda would consent to quit her father's house, or become his wife. Could the Baroness once be brought to favor his pretensions, he then had no doubt of obtaining her hand; and he resolved to endeavor to gain her sanction, or resign the hopes of preserving Matilda's peace. To see the Baroness was impossible; but writing was a resource easily obtain-

ed, as the confidant offered to deliver the letter, and bring him an answer in a short period of time.

TO THE BARONESS DE COLOGNE.

"TO you, Madam, who have witnessed the strength of my attachment, and beheld the struggles which I have frequently made, I venture to apply, to obtain a sanction for a passion the most animated that ever warmed a human breast.

"The happiness of Lady Matilda is far dearer than my life; and to procure it, I would consent to the termination of my days; but can I calmly hear that she is devoted to wretchedness, without attempting to snatch her from so sad a fate?"

"Had she been affianced to worth or merit, I never had presumed to make a claim; but, gratified by the prospect of her felicity, in silence buried all impression of my love.

"Too well do I know the force of your affection, to believe that you sanction this detested scheme;—no!—it is impossible that you can consent to barter the peace and happiness of an only child!—Think not, Madam, that I approve opposition to any just proposal that a parent could make; but when they become deaf to the voice of Reason, and are only guided by pride or caprice, what are their claims to filial obedience, and by what right do they enforce an unjustifiable decree?"

"Had the Baron merely disapproved my alliance, without compelling his daughter to bind herself to age, I never had murmured at his decision, though I must always have lamented the cruelty of my fate; but, knowing that she is doomed to misery and destruction, can you wonder that I implore you to shield her in my arms?—in pity, then, consent to a private marriage, and allow my happiness to commence from this night.——Could any other method prevent the accomplishment of the Baron's design, I should shudder at proposing a step so opposite to the refinement and delicacy of Matilda's mind; but, alas! Madam, we have no time for deliberation, as a few hours must seal your daughter's fate! In mercy, then, allow the plan which I have suggested to Lady Matilda's attendant, this evening to take place, and by that means save her from a load of wretchedness which her tender nature is unable to sustain.——On my knees do I implore your approbation and concurrence, and vow to cherish and protect her all my days; and if ever I prove unworthy of the sacred deposit, may that moment become the close of my life!"

Whilst the Baroness was perusing this epistle, her countenance underwent a great variety of changes; and Matilda watched each motion with as much anxiety as if it was to determine her future fate.

"St Leger," said she, after a moment's silence, "implores me to consent to your becoming his wife; but can I authorize an act of disobedience, and encourage my Matilda to disgrace her name?"

"Oh! my beloved mother!" replied the agitated Matilda, encircling her arms about the Baroness's neck, "is there no palliation for an act

of disobedience, which at once will preserve both my honor and my life? Would my father but allow me to decline the Duke's proposals, duty would impel me to refuse St. Leger's hand; but, knowing that I am to be sacrificed to vanity and ambition, can you wonder that I wish to avoid the hated shrine?—In pity to my sufferings, comply with his request; for without your consent I will never become his wife; but if I am forced into this hated alliance, misery must be my portion for the rest of my life."

"May that peace be the lot of my adored Matilda, which her unfortunate mother has not been able to obtain!—yes, my child, I consent to his proposal, and will resign my dearest treasure to his care."

[To be continued.]

THE FALSE FRIEND.

"What crimes are prompted by the love of Gold!"

A YOUNG man of reputable connections, by the name of Morton, was capitally convicted of defrauding the British bank. While he was lying in prison and in the agonizing expectation of suffering a shameful execution, a pretended friend, of the name of D—, who had formed the diabolical plan of speculating by the transaction, visited him, and with professions of the warmest benevolence, offered to assist him to escape; which he actually effected, and Morton fled to France.

D— then betook himself to the directors of the bank who were much disappointed at the escape of their victim and offered to deliver him into their hands, on condition that they would pay him four thousand pounds, they refused to promise so large a sum, but made the offer of one thousand pounds, which D—, finding that he could get no more, accepted.

This matter being settled, D— wrote to Morton, that his friends, with a good prospect of success, were attempting to obtain his pardon. A few days after, he wrote that his pardon was obtained and he might return in safety. Morton received the intelligence with transports of joy, and entertaining no suspicion of his supposed friend, to whom alone he had confided the knowledge of the place of his retreat, returned with all speed to England, and was immediately arrested and executed.

D— received the thousand pounds, together with the execrations of millions of people, as the rewards of his atrocious perfidy.

THE CATASTROPHE.

AN ANECDOTE.

WOMEN have, in all ages, been at great pains to adorn the outside of their heads; and this, as well as the other parts of their dress, they have from time to time ingeniously varied. About the beginning of the American Revolution, the general tone, in point of female head-dress, was a cushion, of enormous bulk, which the girls wore as conscientiously through the sultry heat of dog days, as during the rigors of winter. The cushion, in its first establishment, was stuffed with sheep's wool; but this article in the progress of the American war, growing extremely scarce, many a good girl was obliged to fill her cushion with hay. And indeed this was thought to be an ingenious and excellent substitute, till the following unlucky accident defrauded the philosophy of the whole business, and occasioned great sensations and alarm:—A girl who had stuffed her cushion with new hay, rode out to take an airing, and alighting from her horse, which it seems was very hungry, and happening to stoop under his head, the flavor of the hay so forcibly attracted him, that, all on a sudden and without any malice prepense, he committed at once and the same time the illegal acts of assault and battery, and also of rover and coarctation: for what did he do but seize, open-mouthed, the cushion, and notwithstanding the painful contortions and piteous screams of the unfortunate owner, violently tore it from her head. Indeed, the loss of the cushion, however considerable, might have been counterbalanced; but the loss of much hair with it, (for in those days the female head was not shorn, like that of a friar,) was an affecting circumstance, which must have rendered her, for some time quite inconsolable.

ANECDOTE.

A very rich citizen of Lyons having had his nativity cast, had to arrange his affairs, that his possessions should just last him to the hour of his death. However, outliving the expected period, he was absolutely reduced to beggary, and in the following terms would implore charity: "Pity a man, who has lived longer than he expected."

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

ABSENCE.

YOU have heard the fond turtle lamenting alone,
And chiding his long absent Mate,
ALPHONSO thus grieves, as he vents his sad moan,
That for her whom he loves he should wait.

Full oft o'er the Hills where she's wander'd he roves,
And asks every tree if she's there;
Then down the lone valley, and by the sweet groves,
And thro' the gay meadows so fair.

But the hill and the valley, the Meadows and groves,
No more with her presence are blest,
And the songsters more plaintively warble their loves,
With grief at her absence impressed.

The streamlet, that oft has reflected her form,
Now lingers and mournfully flows,
And Echo, sweet Echo, now welcomes the storm,
That she too may brood o'er her woes.

The soft sighing gale, as it murmurs along,
No more on her bosom can play,
And catching a note of sweet Philomel's song,
Like that, in despair dies away.

Ye woods, do you hide the sweet Nymph from my view,
Does the court your chill comforts shade?
Oh! tell, and my fervent, fond prayer I'll renew,
And your darkest recesses invade.

Or if on the top of some mountain the fays,
The Dian that wounds as she flies;
O'er the cliffs' lofty summits her steps I'll retrace,
And hope in my bosom shall rise.

Again, thro' the fields, dress'd in verdure, to stray,
With the beauties of nature impressed,
Than the flow'ers that deck the fair landscape more gay,
While I clasp'd the dear girl to my breast.

Oh! hallelu the glad moment, when, blest by her smile,
ALPHONSO no longer may roam,
And as he rebooms with soft transport each toil,
Find contentment, a friend and a home.

August 19.

ALPHONSO.

A PICTURE OF HUMAN LIFE.

BEHOLD that scene, yon trembling main,
On whose smooth brow soft breezes sleep,
No breath disturbs the azure plain,
Or moves the surface of the deep.

Fond o'er the tide the vessels run,
Nor fear the rocks, nor dread the wind;
Unfold their canvass to the fun,
Regardless of the storms behind.

But hark! from yonder boiling clouds,
The tempest breaks, loud thunders roar,
Which split the masts, tear off the shrouds,
And dash them headlong on the shore.

By flustering gales too soon betray'd
To leave their port and tempt the wave,
Those billows where they lately play'd,
Become, alas! too soon their grave.

In this sad scene thyself behold,
Nor does thy bliss the image wrong;
The rocks that dash our hopes, as bold,
The storms that vex our life, as strong.

Op'ning by fortune's smiles to-day,
Our fame look fair, our honors bloom;
To-morrow, with'ring, all decay,
Shadow'd by envy or a tomb.

CRAZY JANE'S EPITAPH.

THE passing bell no longer toll'd,
And Crazy Jane in earth repos'd;
Her once sweet lips were pale and cold,
Her once bright eyes were dull and clos'd,
The mournful crowd press on to see
The rude carv'd lines on yonder tree;
And oft shall their sad theme obtain
A pining tear for Crazy Jane.

"Here lies, the shapeless (unf beneath,
"A lovely form in lowly bed;
"Where should have bloom'd the flow'ry wreath,
"The willow waves its drooping head,
"She sunk a prey to hopeless love;
"Traw'ler! thy roving step refrain;
"Is her sad fate thy pity move,
"One pining tear give Crazy Jane."

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

MEDDLER, No. VII.

Oh! how this spring of love resembles
Th' uncertain glory of an April day;
Which now shows all the beauties of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away.

SHAKESPEARE.

LOVE when unopposed is a tranquil passion; however turbulent or active it may be under restraint, when possessed to take its course without resistance, it flows peaceful as the unrippled stream. The person who is really its subject, and whose wishes are successful, delights not in noise or show, makes no ostentatious display of his passion, but fondly cherishes it in secrecy and silence. He tells not the world his happiness, nor by a parade of felicity demands its envy. He never engages in foolish acts of fondness before company, nor, like a child who is charmed with his rattle, toys and trifles with the object of his regard. Indeed exhibitions of this nature give occasion for distrust and doubt. When a man enjoys his good fortune in silence, I am willing to believe he is happy; but when he assures me that he is so, and when the story is frequently founded in my ears, for fear my memory should prove treacherous, it is then that I feel inclined to doubt the truth and reality of the tale. Thus also when I observe a foolish fond couple making a ridiculous display of their attachment; I am either disposed to pity their weakness, or doubt their sincerity. An affection of this kind can be at best but the creature of fancy, without any solid foundation;—it is the perishable flower that blossoms only for a day. Why should the lover tell of the kindness of his mistress!—why boast to his companions of those smiles which are exclusively lavished on himself? Do such proclamations increase the sum of his felicity? Does he imagine that others will enter into his feelings, or that the theme is equally interesting to all? Such conduct rather appears the offspring of vanity and self love, in which the heart has but little concern. The penetrating eye will easily discover coldness amid all this pretended warmth. While the lover is thus loudly proclaiming his affection, his mistress by her behavior gives full confirmation to the story. She indeed does not openly declare her love, but discloses the secret by unguarded observations, and by unintentional confessions, which cover her for the moment with a well affected confusion. For this purpose the half smothered sigh, the blush, the look, the sigh, and the tear, are more eloquent than words. It is indeed on reflection a matter of surprise that two individuals should wish to impose on society, in a matter in which it has so little concern. That a passion should be thus feigned and industriously supported without the least foundation, and that a whole artillery of sighs should be wasted in a manner so unprofitable and unworthy. The only excuse that can be offered is the youth or inexperience of the parties. Either their judgments are very immature, or they have seen but little of the world. A youth at the age of eighteen just escaped from school, and beginning to assume the man, thinks it necessary to be in love, in order to complete the character. He looks round him for some gentle damsel, who is willing to receive his addresses; and having found one, the heart-dissolving scene commences. The man, in general, is a creature of no great consequence, as we meet with few who, before they have passed thirteen summers, are not his zealous votaries. This may be in some measure accounted for by the number of novels they are allowed to peruse, and their early introduction into company. The former, while the judgment is weak, fills the head with a set of extravagant sentiments, and the latter affords an ample field for their display. The same may be imagined as the conduct of children only, and which time and experience will correct: But the danger is, that early inclinations are strong, and early habits become confirmed by age; reason and good sense often strive in vain against them. The woman who, when a child unthinkingly indulged in coquetish behavior, has at length lost all real affection, and become incapable of genuine attachment.

Upon the whole, I would recommend to our modern beaux and belles, less noise and less parade in affairs of the heart, and to substitute in their place silence and sincerity.

August 22.

O.

THE WIDOW.

M Y H us B and po Ord E Arms ni S de rdan D G one,
An Die F thi flovia G wi Do wal Lal one,
Sa vet Was we et bab Efmi Ne's in New Ord Ullc ase
T IL Lioh Ta ina not He rin hi Spl ace. KOU.

HISTORICAL ANECDOTES.

THE rapid successes of the English in France, in the year 1346, were checked by the numerous forces which the French King sent against them, under the Duke of Normandy. The French began their enterprises by laying siege to Angoulême; and John Lord Norwich, The Governor, after a brave and vigorous defence, found himself reduced to such extremities as obliged him to employ a stratagem in order to save his garrison, and to prevent his being reduced to surrender at discretion. He appeared on the walls, and desired a parley with the Duke of Normandy. The Duke then told Norwich that he supposed he intended to capitulate. "Not at all," replied the Governor; "but as to-morrow is the feast of the Virgin, to whom I know that you, as well as myself, bear a great devotion, I desire a cessation of arms for that day." The proposal was agreed to; and Norwich having ordered his forces to prepare all their baggage, marched out the next day, and advanced towards the French camp. The besiegers, imagining they were to be attacked, ran to their arms; but Norwich sent a messenger to the Duke, reminding him of his engagement. The Duke, who piqued himself on faithfully keeping his word, exclaimed, "I see the governor has outwitted me; but let us be content with gaining the place;" and the English were allowed to pass through the camp unmolested.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1801.

As various statements have been made in the public newspapers relative to the FIRE which happened in Fair-Street on Tuesday morning last, we are competent to say, that the Church belonging to the Rev. Mr. STANFORD is so destroyed as to be utterly irreparable. Our sympathy in this calamity is very much increased on information that Mr. STANFORD erected that building at his own expense, the fruit of many years labor; and, as it was appropriated to public worship, and to his Academy, was the only source of supporting his family. The loss is computed about £1400. This is the second time Mr. STANFORD has suffered by the conflagration of the neighboring bake houses; and it is to be hoped that the benevolent and the pious will not neglect this opportunity to express their sensibility in lessening the loss of the sufferers by their generous contributions.

We learn that the President of the United States has directed, that the office of Inspectors of the Revenue shall cease after the thirtieth of September. The duty will then be executed by the Superintendents.

Captain Bernard, of the ship Jane, arrived at Charleston from Vigo in Spain, which place he left on the 19th of June, informs that the contagious fever has again made its appearance in Cadix, and other parts in the South of Spain.

Information is received from St. Thomas, by Capt. Johnson, arrived on Tuesday, of the expected evacuation, in a few days, of the Danish troops stationed there, on account of the difference between the Danes and the British being settled. The Danes will probably repossess all their islands in the West Indies, lately captured by the English, under the command of Admiral Duckworth.

We learn that on Monday the 3d instant, Mr. ISAAC ABRAHAM, son of Mendham township, being on a visit at his father's in the State of New-York, went out a few steps from the house in the morning, before any of the family had risen, and killed himself, by drawing his neck across a scythe. He yet lay struggling in the convulsions of expiring nature, and weltering in his gore, when his son came to the fatal spot, and witnessed the truly horrid spectacle. Mr. ABRAHAM is said to have been for some time previous subject to fits of insanity. [Morris-Town pap.]

LONGEVITY.

In Shaftsbury, (Mass) there is now living a man by the name of Ephraim Pratt, who was born in Shaftsbury in that State, on the first day of November, in the year 1687. He is grandson of John Pratt, who landed and settled at Plumpton, in 1620, with the first emigrants to New-England. At the age of 24 years, Mr. E. Pratt was married to a young Lady by the name of Martha Wheeler, by whom he had 6 sons and 2 daughters. Four of his

sons are now living, the eldest of whom is 90, and the youngest 82 years of age. Mr. Pratt's descendants are very numerous, but as they have emigrated into various parts of the United States, it is impossible to ascertain their number precisely, yet from a moderate calculation they will exceed 1500 now living.

A remarkable instance of strong depravity occurred lately in Dublin. A young man of excellent character, Clerk to Messrs. Grant, of that city, in a paroxysm of mental derangement, plunged into the Liffy; which being observed by a gentleman at a little distance, he stripped off his coat, the better to effect his deliverance. At this instant, when in the act of jumping after the drowning maniac, he observed a fellow steal and run off with his pocket-book, which contained nearly the whole of his property. His own eminent danger banished for the instant the recollection of all other, and he pursued and seized the robber; but the fated victim to a hopeless passion perished. The thief is lodged in goal to await the punishment due to his offence.

HURRICANE AT NEW PROVIDENCE.

On the 16th July, at 12 o'clock P. M. a tremendous hurricane visited the Island of New Providence. The vessels in the harbour of Nassau, notwithstanding their masts and yards were struck, and all their anchors down, drove against each other, and came in whole strings to the shore. As the tide rose the hurricane increased in violence in a westerly direction, and drove all the vessels in the town side of the harbor, and prevented them from driving to sea. A Guinea-man (prize) got upon the middle ground, and turned over on her beam ends, so that that the seamen got on her side, 250 negroes who were in her, were fortunately preserved by the vessel's heaving over the bank and righting. "The harbour resembled three torrents, of different denseness, passing with inconceivable velocity. First the water, from the accumulation at the East end of the harbour. The foam, and spray next forming almost an opaque cloud, spun along with the swiftest possible degree of visible motion, and formed a stratum, as it were of 20 or 30 feet deep; and over that the rain passed in a rarer medium, and in a perfectly horizontal direction; and appeared incapable of descending from its projectile velocity."

Only three vessels in the harbour rode out the storm---the American sloop Primrose and a Spanish vessel. 150 vessels were stranded between Evans's hill, and the Western water battery; and several sunk, and others crushed to pieces. The storm raged with such violence as to carry away the greater part of the vessels masts by the board. On shore and in the town the devastation was equally great--houses were blown down, and the fences and trees, generally, laid level with the ground. The aggregate loss sustained, is estimated at not less than £50,000 sterling.

THE TWO FATHERS.

A very curious case is at this moment before one of the Tribunals of the Department of the Lower Charente, in France.

In the year 1794, Mademoiselle de Romefort was exiled from her department as a Noble, and went into the department of Vienne. On the 25th Frimaire, in the subsequent year she was brought to bed of a boy, whom she registered in the municipality of St. Janieu, under the name of Mathieu, son of a Francade de Romefort, and of a father unknown. The mother died at the end of a fortnight the child was taken care of by a peasant.

In the year 8, the father of Mademoiselle de Romefort died also, leaving an opulent succession to the natural child of his daughter. A guardian was appointed to the child; but scarcely was the pupil invested with his grandfather's fortune, when this child, abandoned seven years to the care and pity of a stranger, all at once found himself claimed by two fathers.

A person by the name of Argenie, ci-devant Chevalier, appeared before a Notary, declared himself to be the father of Nohien Romefort, and in virtue of that act, demanded of the Curator the surrender of the child and his property. Another individual, of the name of Berard, the son of a Notary, made a fortnight after the same declaration, and urged the same demand.

The guardian, after consulting the family, inveighed against the tardy and suspicious perty of the two fathers, who had not, for seven years, thought of their pretended son, and whose tenderness was suddenly roused by his unexpected upulence.

COURT OF HYMEN.

WHEN harmony of person and of mind
Is with its kindred harmony combin'd:
Where love and reason join a worthy pair,
And friendship and endearment are their care:
'Tis a fair miniature of EDEN's how'ls,
Where grew the fruits of bliss and pleasure's flow'rs:
But oh! how painful is the sad reverse!
Each pleasure's poison, and each bliss a curse.

MARRIED.

On Monday the 27th ult. by the Rev. Mr. NASH, Mr. CHARLES SHERRY, Merchant, of this city, to Miss MARY WHITE, of Ballston.

On Sunday the 2d inst. by the Rev. Dr. KUNZIE, Mr. JOHN SMITH, to Miss MARIA FREDERICKS, both from Germany.

On Saturday the 8th inst. by the Rev. Dr. KUNZIE, Mr. DANIEL DIERCH, to Miss CATHARINE AIRBICK, both of this city.

On Monday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. FIMORE, Mr. THOMAS POST to Miss MARY MORRIS, daughter of Mr. David Morris, all of this city.

MORTALITY.

Like bubbles on the sea of matter borne,
We rise---we break---and to that sea return.

On Monday afternoon departed this life, at the Health Establishment on Staten-Island, Dr. RICHARD BAILEY, Health-Officer of the Port of New-York, in the 53th year of his age. He was seized on the Tuesday preceding with a fever, the consequence of great exertions, that was soon accompanied by a train of symptoms, which at once established its character, and gave an alarming preface of its termination. He died after six days illness. The citizens of New-York, who for upwards of 30 years had experienced his professional worth, well know by their feelings how to estimate his loss; and the public, it may be asserted with all the confidence which truth and justice inspire, will not find a more zealous, indefatigable or intrepid officer to discharge the important duties of the Station which he filled.

SUMMER AMUSEMENT.

MOUNT VERNON GARDEN.

On Monday evening will be presented, a Comedy in 2 Acts, never performed here, called

The Ladies' Frolic,

OR, THE FARM HOUSE.

Written originally by JOHNSTON, under the title of the COUNTRY LASSES; altered by Mr. I. P. KEMBLE and acted at both the Theatres in London with enthusiastic applause.

AFTER WHICH SUMMER AMUSEMENT:

OR THE PASTICIO.

LEADER OF THE ORCHESTRA, MR. HEWITT.

NB. The Performers beg leave to observe that whenever the weather is such as to compel a postponement, the Theatre will regularly be opened on the night immediately following.

Novels,

For Sale by John Harrison, No. 3 Peck-Slip,

MORDAUNT, by the author of Zelucæ,
Horror of Oakendale Abbey, Charlotte Temple,
Emilia d'Varmoni, or the Necessary Divorce,
Louisa, the lovely Orphan, or the Cottage on the Moor,
George Barnwell, by Surr,
Ambrose and Eleanor, Sorrows of Werter,
Sufferings of the Family of Ottenberg,
Galatea, a Pastoral Romance, (by M. Cervantes)
Paul and Virginia, an Indian Story, Two Cousins,
Ambrosio, or the Monk, by M. G. Lewis, Esq;
Children of the Abbey, Wieland, or the Transformation
Ormond, or the Secret Witness. Tom Jones,

COURT OF APOLLO.

SWEETLY IN LIFE'S JOYFUL MORNING.

Sung by Mrs. Hodgkinson in the Comedy of "Liza."

SWEETLY in life's joyful morning,
Beam'd on me a father's smile;
Joy with livelier charms adorning,
Cheering grave instruction's toil.

Cruel Memory, too severely,
Tells me those blissful hours are gone,
Which with him I priz'd so dearly,
He has frown'd and they are flown.

Love which drew this sorrow on me,
Love alone can yield relief;
The pitying power which has undone me,
Pours the balm that heals my grief.

What though memory, so severely
Tells me that my joys are gone,
Let but him I love so dearly,
Smile, and then my cares are flown.

THE OATH.

BY the look of consent, by the glistening tear,
That spoke to my soul in a language divine;
By the rubies that glow'd on the lips of my fair
When, with rapture transported, I prest them to mine.

By the throbblings that wav'd on her bosom of snow,
By the blushes that mantling vermilion'd her cheek
When afraid to say yes---and all loth to say no,
She sigh'd what her tongue was unable to speak.

By the smiles, that enliven'd her elegant face,
When she saw that I construd those blushes so well,
When she saw that love's eye could each character trace,
And read on her heart, what her tongue wou'd not tell.

By that heart, sensibility's favorite shrine,
Where Innocence, Virtue and Truth fix their throne,
By these let me swear that this bosom of mine
Is fill'd with thy image, my charmer, alone!

But stop silly Demon, 'tis needless to swear,
When arguments stronger than fondness can prove,
Dost thou doubt my dear girl, that my passion's sincere,
Yon Mirror will throw a pledge of my love.

LIFE IS BUT A DREAM.

WHEN mortals toil and sweat for gold,
Nor sleep nor quiet know;---
When human lives are bought and sold
For treasure here below;---
Thus to myself in thought I say,
"A vain, an empty scheme;
Like chaff their hope will fly away,
For life is but a dream."

While some to charm their sickle eyes,
Or please a sickly taste,
Give wings to wealth, and as she flies,
A world of treasure waste;
"Fools, I exclaim, can such as this,
To you be joy supreme?
Short is the date of all your bliss,
For life is but a dream."

Some seek the airy bubble fame,---
Ambition drives them on;
They toil and strive to get a name,
Till life itself is gone.
Their honors soon are roll'd away
In dark oblivion's dream;
The dancing bubble will not stay,
For life is but a dream.

My soul, awake and sleep no more;
Thy utmost powers employ,
To place in Heaven a lasting store,
For never ending joy.
Farewell, perplexing cares and fears;
Heaven be our constant theme;
We soon shall pass this vale of tears,
For life is but a dream.

REMARK. Great joy, especially after a sudden change and revolution of circumstances, is apt to be silent, and dwells rather in the heart than on the tongue.

MORALIST.

JUSTICE seems most agreeable to the nature of the Deity, and mercy to that of man. A being who has nothing to pardon in himself, may reward every man according to his works; but he, whose very best actions must be seen with grains of allowance, cannot be too mild, moderate, and forgiving; for this reason among all the monstrous characters in human nature, there is none so odious nor indeed so exquisitely ridiculous, as that of a rigid severe temper in a worthless man.

Nature bids me love myself, and hate all that hate me; reason bids me love my friend, and hate those who envy me; Religion bids me love all, and hate none; and overcome evil with good.

ANECDOTE.

A CLERGYMAN, who had much insisted in an afternoon, that reason was given to man for a bridle, to curb and restrain his passions, happened the same evening to take so large a dose of a chillsening, that he was obliged to be carried home; the next morning one of the parishioners asked him what he had done with his bridle over night? he replied, "I just took it off to drink."

Dr. CHURCH'S GENUINE VEGETABLE LOTION.

Is an effectual cure for ERUPTIONS on the FACE and SKIN.

PARTICULARLY,

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And for Cleansing, Whitening, and Softening the SKIN it is unequalled by any other in the world. By the simple application of this fluid night and morning or occasionally thrice a day, it will remove the most rancorous and alarming scurvy in the face. It is perfectly safe, yet powerful, and possesses all the good qualities of the most celebrated Cosmetics, without any of their doubtful and sometimes dangerous effects. The proprietor therefore, recommends it with confidence as a necessary and almost indispensable appendage to the toilet, in lieu of the common trash.

Cream drawn from Violets and Milk from Roses!!!

A rough, uneven skin, its shining appearance, and yellow sickly paleness, are by this Lotion effectually removed. In the Shingles and Prickly Heat it is infallible. Suffice it however to say,

It has been administered to many thousands without even a single complaint of its inefficacy.

Invented and prepared by James Church, M. D. 137 Front Street, New-York.---Price, half pints, 75 cents, Pints, one dollar and 25 cents.

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